MAY 8 1911

The Black Cat

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W. Waterbury

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The Black Cat

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The Pflim-Pflam International Baked Potato Syndicate.*

BY W. WATERBURY.

THERE are a few old-timers still living who, upon reading this, will recall the monster wave of excitement that swept over the country during the early seventies. This excitement was greatest in the Middle West and had its storm center in Chicago.

The inside facts were never given to the public, and what was at the time an unsolved mystery was permitted to remain so chiefly because the disclosure of the truth would have humiliated a great detective agency. This agency stood high, not only with the authorities of every state in the Union, but with the federal government itself. A small army of its shrewdest sleuths spent weeks in attempting to capture the promoters of what was claimed to be a gigantic swindle. Its efforts resulted in nothing more than the rounding up, as suspects, of two precocious boys, one a district messenger, and the other a Board of Trade runner. It was at this stage that Chief Plankerton issued orders to instantly drop the whole matter, for he well knew that publicity would reflect anything but credit on his force of thief-takers had they added Pflim and Pflam to their list. The photographs of the youthful pair, therefore, never adorned Plankerton's gal-

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lery of notables and their Bertillons were never posted. It was the general belief that silence had been purchased by influential parties higher up who, it was hinted, were at the bottom of a sensational Get Rich Quick enterprise, but nothing was made public in support of this theory.

Judge Longaere, the State's attorney, was not seeking further reputation by adding the case to his laurels and for several other reasons declined to become, as he put it, a party to killing the ambition of two enterprising youths.

The officers of the Interstate Express refused to swear out warrants, claiming that their company had been fully compensated for its services and had no grievance.

President Stuyvesant of the Terminal Railways Company, that handled all incoming freight, threatened to seize a bag of potatoes in liquidation of any alleged claim his company might have so that in case the State prosecuted the two boys it would have to include him and his company as accessories to the crime.

No farmer could be found to make a complaint and the Federal Secret Service could find no law that applied to the case.

The newspapers that had for weeks been devoting pages upon pages to the sensation suddenly discontinued all reference to it. So the mystery remained a mystery and would have continued so but for the disclosures here made for the first time.*

Gustavus Pflim came to this country as a stowaway in a Swedish immigrant ship when he was eight years old, and a year later Oscar Pflam, aged ten, followed in the same manner by another ship of the same kind from the same country. Both boys gravitated to Chicago and their education was what might have been expected of two orphans thrown on their own resources at so early an age. Fate or luck or both brought the boys together and they soon became warm friends and inseparable companions.

One July day as they were crossing La Salle Street directly in front of the Board of Trade Building they simultaneously espied in the middle of the highway a large, fat wallet such as

* There was one man — a prominent member of the Chicago bar, since dead — who, had he chosen, could have "told all." His lips were sealed by professional ethics and a strong bond of sympathy.

ranchmen, who in those days came to Chicago with carloads of cattle, usually carried. Each made a dive for the treasure, and while its weight did not require their united effort, when it came up it was in the hands of both. Neither could claim priority as finder and in fact there was no disposition to do so. The main thing was to find some quiet nook where they might explore their find and, unobserved, divide its contents. What might have happened if they had found the owner's name inside will never become history. The wallet contained nothing that would establish its ownership, so there was no occasion for raising any moral issue. There was absolutely nothing beyond twenty new, crisp one-thousand-dollar bills and a street car transfer two days old. The latter was promptly passed over as an intangible asset. The former looked bigger than the whole of Sweden had appeared to the boys when its shores faded from their view. Each glanced at the other and exclaimed in the same breadth, "Gee! what'll we do with it?"

A week's wages of seven dollars was the most either had ever handled, and twenty thousand dollars in actual cash was beyond their comprehension. As a natural result they neither slept that night nor many nights thereafter. Pflim was for taking a trip home, first-class passage, but Pflam had a vague idea there was a law governing the finding of money, and visions of a bread and water diet caused him to reject the plan. So they decided to lay the matter before Colonel Blackstone, the General Counsel of the Board of Trade firm which employed Pflam, turn the money over to him for safe keeping and be guided by his advice. This old lawyer had a warm spot in his heart for Pflam, who one day had thrashed a young tough twice his own size for striking the Colonel's little grandson. After hearing Pflam's story of the find he summoned Pflim to get his account and see whether they agreed on the all-important point as to there being nothing in the wallet to identify the owner. Satisfied on this point, he informed the boys that the law required that they must advertise their find no less than two times in a prominent daily newspaper, and if the loser did not appear and prove ownership within thirty days the money would be theirs. On the other hand, if the party did appear, prove ownership and pay the cost

of the advertisement, the boys must give up the money and leave the question of reward to his generosity. The youngsters promptly voted this as poor law, but their adviser insisted there was no other course open to them. Secretly the Colonel hoped the owner would not appear, and whether Providence had a hand in the matter or not, he never did. To Pflim and Pflam the thirty days dragged on like thirty years. The possibilities proved so nerve-racking to their minds that before the final day arrived both became unfitted for duty. The crisis came when finally, on the afternoon of the last day, Pflam, with Pflim at his coat-tails, stuck his head in the door of the lawyer's private office and repeated the question he had asked for thirty consecutive days: "Anybody claim it, Colonel?"

"Nothing doing, Oscar," was the lawyer's smiling reply. "The money belongs to you and Gus." With a shout the boys dashed forward and grasped the Colonel's outstretched hand. Then they sank speechless into chairs.

"Take good care of it," continued the lawyer, after his visitors had somewhat recovered their composure. "It's a fortune! I worked more than twenty years before I had half as much that I could call my own. I hope you will put it to good use." Thereupon he handed the money over, strongly urging that they deposit it in a bank. As suspicion might be aroused when two boys appeared with so large a sum of cash, the Colonel volunteered to introduce them to the Chemical Savings and Trust Company of which he was a director. His offer was promptly accepted and an account was duly opened by Pflim and Pflam with nineteen thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars to their credit, subject to checks and drafts signed by Gustavus Pflim and Oscar Pflam. The remaining fifty dollars was set side for purchasing a big time to relieve their acute mental strain.

Both promptly resigned from their positions and soon the rumor became current that by a strange coincidence each had unexpectedly come into possession of a fortune. The following day was given up to fitting themselves out with new clothes and to preparations for a big time in the evening. Ever since the finding of the money they had, night after night, vowed that should it become theirs they would have a grand blow-out at Hector's,

then the swellest restaurant west of New York. If there was a boy in Chicago in those days who had not at some time stood outside of Hector's looking longingly through the huge plate glass windows at the army of happy diners and wishing he had "the price," the record has been lost. Pflim and Pflam had done it innumerable times and now they were going there and "the price" gave them less worry than anything else on earth. While the conventionalities of an aristocratic place like Hector's were a sealed book to them, there was one thing they felt certain about, — they knew they wanted one of those dinners and they knew they could pay for it. Day after day they had taxed their limited knowledge of fashionable dishes with a view to reaching a decision as to just what they would order. The motion of Oscar that they begin at the top, and order everything on the entire bill of fare was tabled by Gus, who explained that while they had the price they lacked the capacity. Upon one dish, however, they were agreed from the outset. Pflam had often heard the Colonel rave over Hector's special baked potatoes, while Pflim's mouth had often watered when he listened to similar praises sung by Board of Trade members. Therefore they decided to have at least three rounds of baked potatoes and then top off with such other delicacies as they could hold.

At that time baked potatoes had just become all the rage in the fashionable hotels and restaurants throughout the United States and Europe. The serving of the toothsome tubers in this style originated, it was said, in Paris, and from that gastronomic center the edict had gone forth that to be baked *à la mode* potatoes must be big — the bigger the potato the more correct the mode. It thus came to pass that the big baked potato was as essential to a fashionable dinner as to-day the cartwheel hat is essential to a fashionable tea. Nowhere was the epidemic so great as in Chicago, and Hector was the first of the great caterers to take in the situation and grasp the opportunity. Daily and nightly his *menus* made conspicuous mention of Hector's potatoes specially baked *à la mode*. These became known to good livers far and wide.

Now, as the inexorable law of supply and demand applies to potatoes as well as to everything else, the craze for "baked *à la*

mode" soon caused prices to soar. This was not because potatoes were scarce — there had been an abundant yield the previous year, but because a small percentage only measured up to the fashionable size, and the new crop was not yet due. Prices went skyward until baked potatoes became the most expensive table luxury money could buy.

The determination of the young capitalists to dine at the fountain head of upper swelldom led to an episode as exciting almost as the finding of the money itself. On entering Hector's on the eventful evening they did not find the smooth sailing they had expected.

"Who are you looking for?" demanded the waiter.

Hundreds of times when they had called in their capacity as messenger boys this question had been asked and cheerfully answered. On this occasion, however, when they appeared as guests, the waiter's inquiry — made in a most officious manner — was hotly resented.

"We are looking for *you,*" it was Pflim who spoke — "a waiter, a servant, who knows his place and will do as he is bid. Do you understand?"

The man apparently did not understand, for he summoned the head waiter, who curtly demanded, "What do you want?"

"What do you suppose we want? To see a ball game or sell you a load of hay? No, we want to eat, feast, celebrate." This shot came from Pflam.

"We do not serve boys, you have made a mistake in the place. Get out."

"Call the proprietor," demanded Pflim.

"It isn't necessary. I'll call an officer if you don't move on."

"It is *your* move. Call the proprietor," reiterated Pflim. "We have a right to eat here and are perfectly able to pay for all we eat," saying which, he shook a roll of bills in the man's face.

The unusual occurrence had by this time attracted the attention of the fashionable diners who occupied adjoining tables, and the proprietor, himself, hastened to the scene.

"We want to know if this" — flashing the roll of bills in Hector's face — "will buy us a dinner here, or whether this — producing the bank book and pointing to the deposit of $19,950

— will do it? This is a public — " Pflam got no further, for at that instant Colonel Blackstone passed the group with a cheerful " Hello, Gus, Hello, Oscar, dining in the clouds to-night? "

" Good evening, Colonel. Yes, we thought we would eat with the plebs this evening, and if the fodder suited us we might negotiate for a couple of meal tickets."

As Hector numbered the Colonel among his warmest friends, the latter's cordial recognition of the lads instantly cleared the atmosphere and the boys were served without further discussion.

As a matter of course, Special Baked were ordered, ordered again and reordered, and when at last the boys had lost their appetites and the bill, amounting to $12.50, was presented they noticed that $9.00 of this sum was for baked potatoes. There was no dispute over the charge, the only comment coming from Pflam, who remarked, dryly, " There must be money in potatoes at $1.50 per spud."

And yet it was this simple comment that laid the foundation for a business project which for weeks stirred the country from ocean to ocean, wrought up railroads and express companies, baffled skilled detectives, caused newspapers to issue sensational extras, and incidentally opened the road to undreamt of wealth to two orphan lads aged respectively fifteen and sixteen.

Upon reaching their room the boys talked over the events of the evening, voted the dinner a success, and then fell to discussing potatoes as a business proposition. Pflam, whose former employers dealt in farm products, argued that as the producer received but thirty cents a bushel and the consumer paid as high as $1.50 for a single spud he and Pflim ought to double their fortune before Christmas. To do this, both agreed that it would be necessary to get into direct touch with the farmers so as to control the supply of big potatoes and, furthermore, to act quickly, as the season's crop would soon be ready for shipment. Just how to eliminate the small potatoes proved a stumbling block, but before the boys closed their eyes that night they had evolved a scheme which looked so good to them that they decided to risk their entire newly found fortune in exploiting it provided they could first satisfy themselves beyond a doubt that the reported demand for big potatoes actually existed.

Early the following morning they visited the markets on South Water Street and purchased two dozen of the largest potatoes they could find, paying whatever was asked. Armed with these samples they called on the leading hotels and restaurants. In every instance they received offers for all they could furnish at prices ranging from $8.00 to $15.00 a hundred. The latter figure was named by the Plushman Palace Car Company for any number up to 100,000 for their dining car service.

This dispelled the last vestige of doubt and by noon a room adjoining theirs had been leased from their landlady and converted into business headquarters. A second-hand typewriter was purchased and to this was added an old duplicating letter press which had been lying unused in the office of the Colonel, who insisted upon presenting it to Pflam when the latter inquired if it was for sale. They leased Lloyd's list of farmers' names and addresses numbering over three million, engaged a typewriter operator and two clerks, and the following week 100,000 farmers in the Middle West received a copy of the letter on the following page.

The eagerness with which the youthful baked potato promoters awaited the result of their wholesale invitation for free samples can well be imagined. They had, of course, no idea as to what number of replies they would receive, but they calculated that if only one farmer in every three responded with, say a dozen, their initial venture would not only prove profitable but enable them to estimate how many big potatoes were raised.

They had not long to wait.

On the third day samples and letters began to arrive from nearby points. At first they came by the dozen, then by scores, and the ninth day brought more than three hundred. That night the two heads of the syndicate again dined at Hector's. The next morning 200,000 more circular letters were gotten under way and as the returns increased hourly, orders were given to rush out 300,000 per week until a halt was called. A careful record was kept of every shipper and his address. Additions to the clerical force were made daily, and a night crew at double pay was put on. Wages were paid in advance. All purchases were made for cash.

GUSTAVUS PFLIM
President and Treasurer

OSCAR PFLAM
Secretary and Manager

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
RICHMOND
CINCINNATI
LOUISVILLE
ST. LOUIS
OMAHA
NEW ORLEANS
CLEVELAND
DETROIT
ST. PAUL
PORTLAND
SALT LAKE CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

The Pflim-Pflam International Baked Potato Syndicate

LONDON
DUBLIN
PARIS
EDINBURGH
ROTTERDAM
BRUSSELS
STOCKHOLM
BERLIN
ZURICH
MOSCOW
VENICE
ROME
BUDAPEST
ST. PETERSBURG
RIO JANEIRO
MELBOURNE
CALCUTTA
PEKIN
TOKIO

Cable Address: Pflim-Pflam, Chicago
Code: Cook's A B C

General Offices and Warehouses

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 22, 1872

Dear Sir:—

We presume you have heard of the International Baked Potato Syndicate. We also suppose you have read in the papers about the demand for Big Potatoes for Baking Purposes. Every noted restaurant and eating place in the large cities want all they can get. The demand exceeds the supply, but they must be big ones. We pay spot cash and can handle at the following fancy prices all you and your friends can ship:

2 1/2 x 6 inches	in lots of 300 or more	3¢ each
3 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches	" " " 200 " "	3 1/2¢ each
4 x 7 inches	" " " 100 " "	4¢ each
Larger than above	" " " 50 " "	5¢ each

This gives you more than five times what you now get by the bushel or in car load lots. If you wish us to register your name as a grower of large potatoes we will do so free of charge if you will send us as samples say a dozen of the largest you have. If they do not run quite as large as the above named sizes send the biggest you can. Prepay transportation, write your name and address on the tag and ship the samples by express or freight direct to our warehouses in Chicago. Notify us how many you can furnish and the sizes you can guarantee. We enclose a dozen shipping tags. Use some yourself and pass the others around among your farmer friends. If you need more tags inform us at once. If you want your name registered don't waste time; submit samples quick. We expect to handle 250,000 bushels per month.

We shall no doubt be able to complete sorting the samples and registering the names by October 1st at the latest, when we will communicate further with you.

Yours truly,

THE PFLIM-PFLAM INTERNATIONAL BAKED POTATO SYNDICATE

P.S. We do not handle small potatoes. Oscar Pflam, Manager

The new potato potentates said little, but carried their pent-up enthusiasm to bed with them and long after midnight the important events of the day would crowd for utterance. At first every shipment was carefully scanned and commented on. This became impossible after the general bombardment of samples began, and an exceptional lot only would be discussed. Pflim, for example, recalled having receipted for a shipment from three brothers in Aroostook, Maine, which contained fifty-seven potatoes measuring, when laid end to end, over five hundred inches; and another from a farmer near Kokomo, Indiana, comprising twenty-seven, which almost taxed the capacity of two potato bags. The only comment this elicited from Pflam, who was a born humorist, was, "It don't take many like that to make a dozen."

While this bee-hive activity was going on in the Chicago headquarters something was happening in the rural districts. The farmer who received a letter showed it to a neighbor who had not. The news that The Pflim-Pflam International Baked Potato Syndicate in Chicago was in the market for every big potato to be had, and at prices never before dreamt of, spread like a prairie fire.

The farmers got busy digging potatoes, and at night their families sorted out the big ones. As the smaller potatoes would still bring the regular price by the bushel or carload, the sending, as free samples, of a dozen or more big ones, even if they were the Jumbos of the bin, meant nothing to the farmer before whose eyes visions of a fortune loomed up.

Something else was happening.

A railway express messenger would find a bag or two of potatoes at the first station of his run. To this he attached no importance, but when he found another shipment at the next stop and one at each of the following stops he began to wake up. His express car was being rapidly converted into a potato bin, and before he got half way to Chicago he was obliged to wire ahead for more cars. Soon many of the trains when they rolled into Union Station were composed of more express cars than passenger coaches. It was the same on every road. The supply of express cars and delivery wagons proved wholly inadequate. Every available vehicle was pressed into service. In three days

after the first potato entered the warehouse of the syndicate the latter was filled to overflowing and additional storehouses were secured.

Pflim and Pflam worked eighteen hours a day signing receipts for potatoes and searching for new places to store them. Their receipts by express assumed amazing proportions. On top of these the freight shipments from distant points began to arrive over every road. Notifications of arrivals were received hourly with requests that the cars be unloaded at once. This was impossible. The syndicate was being overwhelmed. It was already receiving more than ten times as many potatoes free as its entire capital could have purchased for cash. And hundreds of thousands of the circular letters had not yet reached their destination. The requests of the transportation companies were followed by peremptory notices that if the cars were not unloaded within forty-eight hours demurrage of $25.00 per car per day would be charged. Pflim and Pflam worked like Trojans, but they were unable to relieve the situation.

Five days later a letter, signed by President Stuyvesant himself, notified the syndicate that the switch yards were becoming congested with carloads of potatoes, that the roads were suffering for rolling stock for their regular service, and that already a line of freight cars loaded with potatoes extended from Randolph Street Viaduct, to Hammond, Indiana. The letter closed with the words: "Something must be done at once to raise the blockade."

The syndicate officials proved equal to the emergency. Thus far they had given their entire attention to securing and storing potatoes. Now they would devote themselves to selling and delivering them.

They at once arranged with President Stuyvesant for despatching four trains of potatoes of thirty cars each to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans, Richmond, and other Southern points, consigned to Oscar Pflam; also six trains of the same size to Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Pflam followed these shipments in person. Upon showing his samples to the leading private caterers and stewards of the big

hotels and exclusive clubs, he was received with open arms.

In New Orleans, where Planked Pompano and "baked *à la mode*" had just become the rage, he sold four carloads, while at Wormley's in Washington, and Guy's in Baltimore, where baked potatoes had superseded the sacred hominy cakes in connection with terrapin, he disposed of six carloads.

While Pflam was thus engaged, Pflim was doing things in Chicago. Here also the results surpassed expectations. Leading hotels and restaurants eagerly snapped up from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty bushels each at from $3.50 to $5.25 per bushel, "spot cash at warehouse." Hector offered $7.75 a bushel for a carload lot upon condition that no potato should fall below seven inches in length. The offer was accepted. The Plushman Palace Car Company, bought seventeen hundred and fifty bushels, size not less than six inches, at $6.50 a bushel. These lots, together with large sales to wholesale houses, relieved the congestion so that new shipments could be stored a few days after their arrival.

Money now began to flow into the treasury of the syndicate. Checks and drafts amounting to thousands of dollars were received daily. Owing to Pflam's absence, Pflim was so overwhelmed with work that frequently he was unable to deposit the funds in the bank and when midnight came he took them to bed with him. Business was booming beyond the boys' wildest dreams. Shipments of potatoes were being received by the hundreds. Money was rolling in by the thousands. And no sign of a let-up.

It was not long, however, before new clouds began to gather. The express messengers filed complaints that they were being overworked handling potatoes, and were obliged to side-track regular express matter. The express drivers were threatening to strike because they were worked overtime. And the general public sent up a howl of inefficient express service.

Important conferences took place between the state and municipal authorities and labor organizations. Officials of the Plankerton Agency, who were called into consultation, reported after a preliminary investigation that they scented a gigantic swindle. A number of the shrewdest sleuths were ordered to scour the farming districts of different states, dig

up clews, run down rumors and otherwise collect evidence.

Copies of the syndicate's letters were secured and traced to headquarters. At the latter nothing could be gathered from the army of busy clerks beyond the fact that they were employed to do certain work, were doing it and getting paid for it. When Pflim, who was here, there and yonder looking after sales, storage and deliveries, was found by a secret service officer, he declined to be interviewed.

"Who's kicking? Name the man. Where does he live? How much does he claim we owe him? Here's a hundred dollars. Pay him what he asks and keep the change to settle with the next kicker. If they come too fast call on us for more. I am busy." This is all Pflim had to say. As a matter of fact, from the very outset, no one believed that the two boys were the actual heads of the syndicate, so they were let alone and search was made for principals higher up.

While this search was in progress the syndicate was suddenly threatened from a new quarter.

One morning Pflim, on opening the mail, found a letter from an Inspector of the Chicago Post Office requesting Oscar Pflam, Secretary and Manager of the Syndicate, to call upon him. This, the young promoter reasoned, taken in connection with recent events, meant trouble. He became frightened, but he did not lose his head. "Mr. Pflam," he wrote the Inspector, "is in the East, but will reach Chicago in a day or two, when he will call on you." Five minutes later he wired Oscar to return at once. The latter, who was scoring further successes in the East — among his patrons in New York were The Fifth Avenue Hotel, Dells, and Dorlans, while the heaviest purchaser in Boston was Billy Parks, who featured "Baked *à la mode*" with broiled live lobster — was reluctant to suspend operations. He lost no time, however, and the two dined together at Hector's the following night.

After discussing the situation they decided to engage counsel. From their contact with men of affairs they knew that the first thing a business man does when he gets into trouble is to hire a lawyer. They wanted the best — and that was, they knew, Colonel Blackstone, who had for years been one of the leaders of the Cook County bar. So, armed with a check for $250, they called on their

old friend and tendered him the money as a retainer. The Colonel, who had been absent for some weeks arguing a case before the Supreme Court at Washington, had not read any of the sensational news regarding the syndicate, and declined to accept the amount, assuring his young friends that he would be glad to serve them free of charge. This met a prompt veto. Upon learning the nature and magnitude of the enterprise in which they had embarked, and surmising the difficulties he might encounter, the Colonel withdrew his objections and together with his clients called on the Post Office Inspector. The latter, producing one of the circular letters issued by the syndicate, intimated that the sending of the same through the mails constituted a violation of the postal laws.

"In what respect?" queried the Colonel.

"In practically every respect. The very title of the syndicate is frivolous, fictitious, not to say fraudulent."

To the evident surprise of the Inspector the Colonel explained that his clients were using their own names, adding that in doing so they were entirely within their rights. Furthermore, that while a citizen of the United States was permitted to change his name by legislative enactment, there was no statute, either state or federal, which could compel him to do so. Continuing, he insisted that the enterprise of the syndicate was "conceived in integrity, brought forth in honesty and conducted in good faith." The firm name his clients had chosen could scarcely be deemed, he contended, more frivolous than the names the United States government had adopted for some of its post offices. Taking up a postal guide from the Inspector's desk he cited as examples "Rabbit Hash," Kentucky; "Bootjack," California; "Good Thunder," Minnesota; and "Looking Glass," Oregon. Next, he reminded the Inspector that Pflim and Pflam were Swedish subjects, and that any attempt on the part of our government to deprive them of the use of their names might involve us in serious international complications with a friendly nation.

The official, shifting his ground, turned to the body of the letter, claiming that it was a clever scheme to induce the unsophisticated farmers to give something for nothing. This was shown, he added, by the enormous free shipments of potatoes that had

overwhelmed the transportation companies and the vast amount of mail matter that had seriously interfered with the local postal service.

This, the Colonel met with the contention that there was nothing in the wording of the letter and nothing in the results it had produced, that justified the intimation of fraudulent intent. "We admit," he contended, "receiving the potatoes. We are prepared to show that in every instance the sending of these was the voluntary act of the shipper, and that there was no attempt on our part to practice deception or secure shipments under false pretences. As to the 'unsophisticated farmers,' they were individually and as a class being benefited by the operations of the syndicate, which was the first to point out to them the new market for potatoes and thus open their eyes to greatly increased profits. That the farmers took this view of the matter is shown by the fact that the syndicate has received no complaints from that source. On the other hand," continued the counsel, "we admit that the service of the express companies, railways, and post office itself, was wholly inadequate to handle the business. And if the city of Chicago is so provincial that it cannot cope with a situation like this my clients had, perhaps, better remove their enterprise to some commercial center like Kankakee or Oshkosh."

Here the Inspector sprung a surprise.

Producing some documents he proceeded, to the astonishment of the Colonel's clients, to read a letter which, he remarked, had been written by the Manager of the syndicate to a planter in Yazoo, Mississippi. The confusion of the boys was but momentary. "It's a forgery," declared Pflam, the instant he was permitted to see the signature. And it proved a clumsy forgery at that, for his name was not even spelled correctly, an "h" being used in place of the "f." Neither he nor Pflim had, they declared, ever seen the letter before, and both were positive that it was in the handwriting of an office boy, who wrote it without their knowledge or authority.

It appeared, after a few questions by the Colonel, that the Mississippian had responded to one of the syndicate's circular letters by expressing a dozen huge yams, the name by which a variety of very large sweet potatoes is known in that section.

The shipper's pride in his exceptionally fine offering — the twelve specimens weighed over one hundred pounds and had won first prize at a local fair — led him to inquire by letter, two weeks later, if the samples had been received and proved satisfactory. His communication reached the office of the syndicate during the absence of Pflim and Pflam, and the office boy, without authority and without even having seen the shipment, took it upon himself to send a smart-Aleck reply to which he forged the signature of Pflam as Secretary and Manager.

Among other things, this letter went on to say that the samples had proved altogether too small and were burnt in baking; that the syndicate wanted potatoes that could be handled without the use of a microscope and that if there was a gazabo in Yazoo or any other Zoo who could produce the Real Thing to send along enough for a square meal! Taking offence at the impertinent epistle, the hot-headed Southerner had forwarded it to the Postmaster-general at Washington, who in turn mailed it to Chicago with instructions to investigate and report.

Upon Pflam's prompt offer to produce the offender and make him acknowledge his guilt, and the assurance of Colonel Blackstone that he, personally, had known both Pflim and Pflam for a number of years, that they were truthful and honest, and had left their former positions voluntarily, the Inspector, with the remark that he would make his report to the Postmaster, dismissed the hearing.

Before leaving the Federal Building Colonel Blackstone paid his respects to Postmaster Murphy, whom he knew intimately. After reporting the result of his interview with the Inspector, he made a strong plea on behalf of his clients. The picture the accomplished advocate drew of the two lone orphans — of how when mere infants they had been forced, single-handed and alone, to engage in the battle of life; the hardships they had suffered; the privations they had endured; the pluck, perseverance and honesty with which they had struggled for success appealed so strongly to the Postmaster that he expressed a wish to meet the boys.

Upon going to the outer office to summon his clients the lawyer found them engaged in earnest conversation. It was now their turn to spring a surprise.

"Colonel," began Pflam, "We've decided to wind up the affairs of the syndicate."

"Why? What's up now?"

"We've got enough!"

"How about all those potatoes?"

"We have just been talking about that. We'll get rid of 'em all right. By the way, the morning papers have it that there is a potato famine in Ireland and that Postmaster Murphy, Chief Sachem of the United Order of Loyal Hibernians, is asking for contributions. Tell him that the International Baked Potato Syndicate contributes twenty carloads."

"What!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Here, come right in with me and tell him yourself," and grasping Gus and Oscar by the hands he rushed them into the presence of the Postmaster, with the words: "Now, just speak for yourselves, I'll stop you if you say anything that will incriminate you."

The Secretary and Manager of the Potato Syndicate repeated his offer.

"Boys," — there was a tremor in the Postmaster's voice — "you're a couple of bricks. I accept your most generous offer and I thank you in the name of the hundreds of thousands of people to whom your gift will prove a Godsend in their hour of trial, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. If you ever visit Ireland let me know and I'll see that the Lord Mayor of Dublin, himself, welcomes you and gives you the time of your lives. Now just take your time in winding up your business affairs. If anybody stops your mail he'll have to do it over the dead body of Yours Truly, Cornelius Murphy, Postmaster of Chicago."

At an interview with the Colonel that evening the officials of the Baked Potato Syndicate informed him that they had decided to make further donations of one carload each to some of the local charitable and other institutions. The list included the Iroquois Home for Orphans, the Home for Aged and Infirm, The Little Sisters of the Poor, and the State Reform School. Two cars were also set aside for the State Penitentiary at Joliet.

On the following day the syndicate entered into sale contracts with several Chicago commission houses for the disposal of all the potatoes then on hand. They dismissed their entire force,

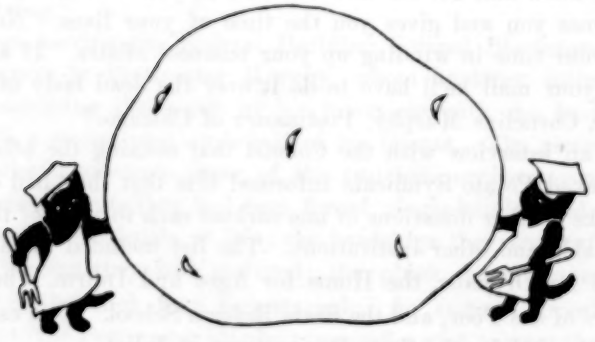
presenting each, with a single exception, with the amount of two weeks pay and a gift of fifty dollars. (To the cook who had burnt the yams, Pflam handed something else.) Next, they called at their bank for a statement. This showed a balance to their credit of $227,983.27. They divided the sum equally between them, Pflam receiving the odd penny "for luck." Then they arranged with their counsel to have him handle all mail received for the syndicate after that date; to dispose of all future shipments of potatoes, the net proceeds to be used for the development of potato culture at the State Agricultural College. With a dinner at Hector's that night, at which Colonel Blackstone was present, The International Baked Potato Syndicate went out of existence.

This was nearly forty years ago. To this day the express companies still carry to Chicago occasional sample shipments of potatoes consigned to the Syndicate, and only last June a letter addressed to the same was received at the Chicago Post Office, from a Philadelphia commission house who stated that they had only just learned of its existence.

What became of Pflim and Pflam?

Consult "Who's Who in the Hall of Fame."

This is the story of The International Baked Potato Syndicate.



"Whatsoever Ye Would That Men." *

BY EDGAR DEWITT JONES.

HE was a young student for the ministry, from the Seminary at Lexington. She was an untaught and untrained girl of the Kentucky Mountains. He was tall, fervent and magnetic, with gifts in the bud that would likely call him some day to a metropolitan pulpit. She a healthy, lithe-limbed, pretty girl of the primitive places — a creature that had grown up in God's out-of-doors without guile and without knowledge of men or books. He was beginning to be known as The Reverend Thomas Clay Herrod, and he came of fine old Kentucky stock. She was just plain Eunie Jackson, only daughter of "Long Jim" Jackson, of Ballard's Gap.

Young Herrod was holding a "meeting" in Tharp's Schoolhouse, and this service on a warm Sunday morning in August was his first of the series. The little room was filled. Every bench was occupied, and a few late-comers were standing up against the wall at the rear of the building. It was a nondescript company of worshippers that the young minister faced, but far from an ignoble-looking lot.

The older women were mostly poorly and plainly dressed, and though many faces were furrowed with wrinkles and sallow of complexion, strength of character was written there. The younger women were better dressed than their elders, and three or four of them were sufficiently attractive to occasion more than a passing glance in any audience. Of this little group Eunie Jackson, rosy of cheek and clear of eye as any Irish girl, was undoubtedly the most attractive. And she sat there regarding the young minister as though he were a demi-God just let down from the skies.

The men present were not prepossessing. Most of them were

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tall, gaunt and raw-boned, with keen eyes and furtive expression. Still, theirs were not evil faces; on the contrary, some of them were noble. And as for reverence — well, many a fashionable Fifth Avenue congregation could learn from that quiet and attentive body of mountaineer worshippers.

Young Herrod's text was from the Sermon on the Mount:

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He began by explaining why this text had been called The Golden Rule; he showed by numerous citations of scripture that the old "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" doctrine must give way before this teaching of Jesus who himself practiced so beautifully the Golden Rule in his own life. With apt quotation and fetching illustration the young preacher moved mightily his rough but responsive hearers. Tears moistened many weather-beaten faces and the shoulders of some of the older women shook with sobs.

"Long Jim" Jackson was visibly moved. He sat with his long lean frame doubled up so that his chin almost touched his knees and from time to time he wiped heavily his face with a large red handkerchief. Jim had killed three men in his day, but "honorably" — that is, in a fair fight risking his own life and in retaliation for the slaying of his own kinfolk. That Jim was "touched" there could be no doubt, and when the morning service was dismissed it was freely predicted that "Jim 'ed jine 'em" before the meeting was over.

Herrod made Jim Jackson's place his headquarters, since it was the only house for miles around that had a "spare room." Besides it was close to the schoolhouse — not quite a mile — and Jim was noted for his hospitality.

The meetings continued with increased interest. The third night "Long Jim" "went forward" and the next day was baptized in a near-by creek and in the presence of several hundred onlookers, who were greatly impressed. After this event the schoolhouse was too small to hold the people who came from far and wide to hear the young evangelist who had succeeded in converting "Long Jim" Jackson. And right here "Long Jim" must be dropped from this story except by name. The story isn't about him, but about his daughter and the preacher. Still, it is

worth remembering that young Herrod converted "Long Jim" and that Jim to this day says: "The Golden Rule sermon done it."

Herrod was enjoying himself thoroughly. This mountain experience was novel and he saw that it would prove valuable to him. He liked to preach, and the crowds and converts were as wine to his brain. Besides, he was conscious of the fact that he was doing these people good.

From the first he took a decided interest in Eunie Jackson. Frequently he walked home with her from the meetings and once, with her as guide, he climbed to the summit of "Old Pilot," the highest mountain in the vicinity. Eunie interested Herrod in several ways. She was a type of which he had read in John Fox's stories. He wanted to study her and maybe some day write about her himself. He was interested in her soul, and when she "went forward" and gave that to her Master his interest did not cease. Her body interested him too. He liked to have her walk by his side. He admired her springy step, her lithe limbs as supple as those of a cat, her depth of chest, and her strong, even white teeth which were good to see when she laughed.

As for Eunie, these were golden days for her. Shy and almost speechless at first in the presence of this magnetic young man from the blue-grass country, she had come to be quite herself in his company. The hours she roamed over the hills with him she lived all over again at night in her dreams. She seemed to live in a new world and was half afraid sometimes to move, fearing she might wake from a most wonderful day dream.

One night, after a grand service at the schoolhouse when seven had "gone forward," Herrod lingered with Eunie out by the stile block, where they watched the stars and gazed long at the large outlines of Old Pilot, whose bald head rose majestically from out a sea of pines. It was a perfect night, and under the spell and poetry of the moonlight Herrod suddenly put his arm about the girl and drawing her close to his side kissed her once, twice, three times; passionately kissed her. And she did not struggle nor show any displeasure; instead she clung to him as if affrighted and her face, which was usually flushed, went very pale.

Later, in his room, Herrod was sorry for what he had done.

He had not meant to deceive the girl or raise any vain hopes within her breast. On the contrary, he had taken pains to have her know that his long tramp of eight miles every other day to the nearest post-office was to get those whitest of envelopes addressed to him in a feminine hand. But Herrod's conscience troubled him. He had been showing Eunie attentions that with her meant vastly more than they would to a blue-grass belle, and now to-night he had quite gone beyond the limits he had himself set up. He resolved that he would tell her all before he went back to Lexington.

By request young Herrod took as his last sermon the one that he had preached at the first service — the sermon on the Golden Rule. Never did he preach it so eloquently. He plead for "a square deal" for every living soul; for the returning of good for evil; for the blessed life patterned after the One who gave the greatest of Rules to the world and who lived fully up to its high standard. He called on the men of the mountains to love their enemies, to fling away their firearms and to greet old-time enemies as newly found brothers in Christ. It was a powerful appeal and it affected deeply the people who heard it.

That night, after the hand-shaking was over and Long Jim and his family, and their honored guest had gone home, Herrod and Eunie strolled out to the stile block again. It was another night of faultless beauty. They stood almost in the exact spot where two nights before he had kissed her. This was the time that Herrod must tell her all, and he knew it. They were standing so close together that he could feel the warmth of her body and hear her deep, regular breathing. He thought, too, that he could feel her tremble, though surely not with cold, for the night was even balmy.

They stood thus, looking out over the wild, rugged scenery as on that other night, when Herrod began to unfold his story. After he began he could not bear to look at the girl, but with his eyes fixed on "Old Pilot" he tried in his softest tones and best phrases to thank her for making his stay in the mountains so pleasant; to tell her that he would never, no never forget her; that he was to be married immediately after his graduation next

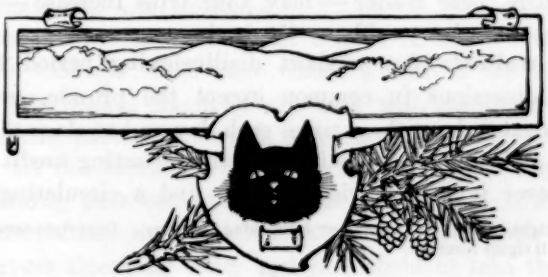
spring to the daughter of a wealthy, blue-grass farmer, and that he had dreams of going straight from college to the ministry of a prominent Louisville church.

As the young minister opened his heart, the mountain girl, who had been standing close to his side, moved gradually away until by the time he had finished she was a foot or more apart from him and regarding him with eyes that showed points of fire like the eyes of a cat in the dark, while her face, which was pale as she stood by his side, flushed furiously now.

When Herrod spoke of his engagement he felt that the girl was undergoing violent emotions, although he did not permit himself to look at her. The truth is that as the iron entered her soul her first impulse was to give way to a paroxysm of rage and grief, to throw her arms about Herrod's neck or even to do him bodily harm. With a mighty effort she controlled that impulse and with the courage of a people accustomed to disappointment and meagre lives she heard him through to the last word. And when with rapidly beating heart he turned to look at her, to his surprise and immense relief she seemed to be trying not to laugh in his face. But her voice sounded strangely raspy and masculine as she said:

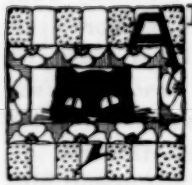
"I'm only a poor mountain girl. Nobody expects much of me. But if I was a preacher like you I'd hope God 'ed damn my soul to hell if ever again in my life I'd preach that there Golden Rule sermon."

Then she turned and went into the house, slamming the door behind her, leaving the Reverend Thomas Clay Herrod to stand a long time looking out toward "Old Pilot," where the shadows were growing deeper and blacker.



Cupid and the King Row.*

BY GILBERT HINK.



AND so they were married —

This story begins where the average story ends, and the writer rushes in where the average writer fears to tread — at the beginning of trouble. It little matters whether Allen Rawlings met Myrtle Clayton at a house party in the Catskills or at a church sociable in Sedalia, Missouri. This is an all-American story and the seat of war will not be definitely located.

Allen and Myrtle were married.

After the pearl-dewed honeymoon had passed into history, when the honey had been sipped and Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings began to chew the beeswax of prosaic married life, Myrtle learned that to sit on Allen's knees for an interminable period put his feet to sleep, while he learned that there were times when Myrtle preferred steak and onions to caresses.

With this mutual realization they reached the point where no hands had to be held and where the long-suffering divan did not have to stand up under the weight of love's young dream.

Thanks to the kindness of Allen's father, who was prompted by purely selfish motives, valuing his peace of mind, the young couple settled down in a smart-bungalow (all bungalows nowadays are smart-bungalows) three blocks from a car line and began to look married life in the eye.

And here, dear reader — may your tribe increase — is where the story and the trouble really begin.

They realized after a short disillusioning period that they had no diversions in common except the prosaic, unromantic desire to eat at least three times each day and to sleep the allotted number of hours. Be it said to their everlasting credit — which credit never is — they tried hard to find a circulating medium

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of act or conversation which would purchase a key to the problem of how to be happy though married.

Allen — Myrtle called him plain "Al" in those days — suggested driving, walking, roller skating, jumping the rope, Shakespearean discussion and table rapping, in the hope of finding some subject upon which Myrtle did not hold a view diametrically opposite his own.

Mrytle racked her brain, and suggested bridge, pink teas, an invitation to her mother, and other plans which might tend to render the tie that bound, less irksome. Both, however, vetoed the suggestions of the other, and the deadlock continued, with the balance of power neither present nor voting. They found in married life no common interest; no plank upon which both parties could agree. It was a *prima facie* case of looking before and after and pining for what was not.

They found that after the fateful cross-examination at the altar — they looked at it as the third degree — the multi-colored joy of just holding hands waned to an extent and with a swiftness that gave Cupid gray hairs. They realized that to sit in the dim light of a well regulated parlor and look into the future from the standpoint of half-baked juveniles, and to come down to the sordid performance of preparing breakfast or mowing the lawn are two propositions that are exactly opposite. One is the prospectus of Cupid; the other is the brief of the prosecution when the little god is arraigned for using the males to defraud.

Allen and Myrtle learned all of these things (even as you and I) and while it isn't right to talk about your neighbors, it must be remarked that they blamed each other for the trouble and not the pastor who officiated.

You who do not know may not believe it, but we who have been there vote aye: that there comes a tide in the affairs of married folks which taken by the neck will eventually permit the contracting parties to lead an existence of comparative peace. Omitted, all the breakfasts of their lives are combinations of soggy biscuits, poor coffee and bursts of temper. On such a fool sea were Allen and Myrtle afloat with the sawdust in their life-preservers absorbing badly and just about to take the count,

instead of the current when it served — (This is treating Shakespeare worse than Bacon ever did).

Allen worried himself thin and Myrtle secretly scanned the Helpful Household Hints column for an answer to the rebus; for the key to the situation; for a sesame to that condition of affairs that would permit them to sit peacefully at their own fireside and contentedly comment on the shortcomings of their neighbors.

There was no relief. After a year they found that they were still unable to agree on any subject, from needlework to tariff for revenue only. They were unable to reach a verdict concerning Cupid. They could not decide whether they were guilty of contributory negligence or whether Daniel had been guilty of malicious mischief. The jury was still out and very much at outs, with happiness miraging in the dim distance.

When patience finally ceased to be a virtue, Allen and Myrtle agreed on one subject. It was that it was time to let some judge cut asunder the ties through which they had been clinging to each for worse.

It was arranged that Allen should go away. After a year's absence, Myrtle would file suit for divorce. Until then, she would live in the smart-bungalow and wait until her hero should have completed the statutory provisions of wife desertion.

The morning that he went away she kissed him good-by for the first time in many, many months.

* * * * * * *

Back into the hills of that section of Kentucky made famous by John Fox, Jr., and Curt Jett, Allen sought surcease from his domestic infelicity. There, walled in by mountains and feudists' suspicion, he began the hermitage that was to give the woman of his choice the legal grounds for a new lease on life. As a cloak for his presence in the hills he conducted a "writing school" in the rude, log school-house where the young idea of Kentucky learned to shoot.

Much of the time when he was not instructing the mountaineers in the gentle art of signing their names, he loafed around the store of Newt McKissick, who survived and prospered

through his ability to remain neutral during the feuds of a quarter-century.

When Newt went into the mountains he took with him a checkerboard. Perhaps this had been partially responsible for his success and continued health. Champions of the hills had practiced on that checkerboard for the twenty-five years that Newt had sold ammunition to the men of the hills.

In the long winter evenings the peaceful spirits of the hills met behind the stove in Newt's store and played checkers. History was made in those Titanic struggles, and any man in the mountains, who is so reckless as to talk about those things, could take you out in the Pisgah church-yard and show you two rows of graves, due to a little dispute between Sidney Luman and Amos Kinneson, over a checker jump in Newt's store.

That greasy board was an institution in the mountains and Allen learned the game. His work, at first amateurish to such an extent that his efforts provided hilarious amusement for the mountaineers, grew more subtle, until the champions of the circle were defeated by the "writin' teacher from the settlements."

When Bert Proctor, champion of Laurel County, asked the checker contingent of Newt's customers if they could provide a checkerplayer who would meet him for the championship of the only republican district in Kentucky, Allen was chosen for the contest, partly because of his genius in the "double corners" and partially owing to the innate dread of a native Kentuckian of being perforated by the missiles of a friendly enemy.

The day for the game arrived — it was spring in Kentucky and the rhododendrons — (see "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" for a further description).

Anyway the checker champions of the hills met. The game began in the open air of Newt McKissick's store porch. Around the players were grouped the experts of the hills and each man had his coterie of admirers who watched the silent, straining contest. Caution characterized each move of the players. Few words were spoken and the feeling of tenseness prevailed even among the spectators.

Honors were closely even between the players. It was a struggle of giants and one had no advantage of the other.

When the game had reached a stage where each man was laying secret traps for the other, Bert Proctor avoided a dangerous pitfall with the remark: "That's the move I always fool my wife with."

Allen arose, spilling the "men" in every direction. He made no explanation of his conduct in leaving a contest in which he was faring so brilliantly.

That night he left the hills and four days later walked into his wife's presence in the little bungalow that his father had given them.

He opened his suitcase and drew forth an old, greasy checkerboard and a full set of "men," black and white — And they lived happily ever afterwards.

From Hero to Zero.*

BY JAMES H. BORLAND.

ULIAN GORDON, six foot two and an athlete from the ground up, had come to Brockport as instructor in athletics at the Y. M. C. A. As he stepped off the train he suddenly felt the pressure of an unseen hand on his shoulder, and a timid voice greeted him with:

"Excuse me, sir, don't you want to fight?"

Turning upon his questioner, Gordon's look of puzzled surprise quickly gave way to a smile. Before him stood a well dressed, mild-mannered little man, whose face seemed gentleness itself. Believing the man to be intoxicated Gordon tried to avoid him, but as the stranger drew nearer it became evident that his condition was normal.

"I meant no offence, my dear sir," he continued with a friendly smile. I just asked it as a gentlemanly question, that's all. Don't you ever fight?"

"Why, I have been known to do such a thing," replied Gordon good naturedly.

"Good for you," exclaimed the stranger greatly elated. "My name is Lovejoy — Jeremiah Lovejoy. You look as though you'd do a fellow-man a favor. Will you fight?"

"I don't make a practise of fighting."

"No, of course you don't, I understand that, but you believe in being accommodating, don't you? Were you going to the hotel?"

"Yes, I was."

"Well, all right, then we'll walk up together and talk it over."

"Why are you so anxious to fight me? We never met before, so you cannot have anything against me."

"Not the first thing, my dear sir, nothing at all, but that isn't the point. Fighting makes a man of a fellow. It develops the

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body, strengthens the nerves, and imparts grace and flexibility to the intellect. Before I met you I asked a dozen chaps to stand up before me. But you know how it is. The world is brimful of weak-kneed selfish sissies, and not one of them would accommodate me. Now the minute my eye lit on you, I said to myself 'there's a Christian gentleman. I'll bet my life he'll fight me.'"

"Isn't it unbecoming in a Christian gentleman to fight?"

"Unbecoming your grandmother! Why, my dear sir, the hardest blows in the world have been struck by Christians, and for ten thousand years the fighting man has been crowned as a Hero while the fellow who handed out the milk of human kindness was downed as a Zero."

"So I suppose you are fighting for a front seat in the Hall of Fame?" queried Gordon.

"Exactly, and I expect to win, for God loves a hard hitter."

"How do you make that out?"

"How do I make that out? Let me ask you a question. Is the Lord ladling out 'Love Taps' when he hands us the Cyclone, the Tidal Wave, and the Bolt of Lightning? Hardly. Don't these solar-plexus swings teach us that the fighting spirit flourishes on high?"

"Are you a professional?" continued the instructor of athletics.

"Oh, no! I never took a boxing lesson in my life. I fight for the benefit of my health and to set a good example to others. It's the one real joy of my life."

"Do you generally win out?"

"Well, I don't always get the worst of it, but then I don't care a continental about that. Every man should be unselfish enough to help along a good cause."

The two had by this time reached the hotel.

"Well, sir, what do you say?" resumed the little man, familiarly inviting Gordon to a seat, after the latter had registered his name. "Will you fight?"

"I would rather not this morning."

"Why?"

"Because I don't feel well."

"But a rousing good fight will bring you around all right. I am sure of it. For goodness' sake don't disappoint me now that

you have raised my hopes. I haven't had a fight for a week."

"Can't you stand it another week?"

"Good godfrey no! With me, to live means to fight. I would rather go without food than without fight."

"Why don't you tackle somebody else?"

"That's just it. I can't find any one. I have exhausted all our native talent, so you see I have to take on strangers."

A traveling man was just entering the hotel, and Lovejoy, hastily excusing himself, rushed up to him with a proposal to fight.

"There! you see how it is," he continued in a doleful tone as he returned to Gordon. "No use asking them. They all refuse. You are the only one who's got any grit. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I never fight for money, but I'll give you $25.00 if you will stand up before me for half an hour. What do you say?"

"I don't believe I care to, to-day."

"How about to-morrow?"

"I'll think about it. How do you fight? I mean under what rules?"

"Any old way, jab, jolt, punch or clinch. Any style that comes handy but gives each fellow a square deal. You understand. Now, what do you say? Is it a go?"

"I said I would think about it."

"Well as that seems the best I can do I guess we'll have to let it go at that. But for goodness' sake don't weaken to-morrow."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Near midnight Gordon was suddenly awakened by loud knocking on his door.

"Who is there?" he demanded, with a yawn.

"It's me — Jeremiah Lovejoy."

"What in thunder do you want?"

"Excuse me, sir, I want to fight. It's no use — I can't sleep until I've had a few good rounds, so I thought may be you'd just as soon accommodate me to-night as in the morning."

"If you don't clear out I'll knock you into the middle of next week," shouted Gordon.

"Excuse me, sir, I don't want to be disagreeable, but I've taken a liking to you and I ask it as a favor."

"All right, I'll fight you to-morrow. Now, go and make your will."

"Good! That's a bargain! I knew you were made of the right stuff," came in grateful notes from the intruder, as he made his way downstairs. "I'll be around bright and early."

But he wasn't. For right here fate stepped in and Gordon saw nothing of Lovejoy the following day. In the evening, wondering what had become of him, he inquired at the hotel office.

"Oh!" answered the clerk in surprise. "We thought you knew. Mr. Lovejoy is at the hospital."

"Why, did some one do him up?"

"No. It was an accident. Long before breakfast this morning he asked us to send his card to your room. Not wishing to bother you at that hour we told him you had gone out, whereupon he rushed madly for the door, exclaiming that he had an important engagement with you. Just as he was about to pass out he stumbled and fell, striking his head on the marble steps. When we reached him he was unconscious, so we sent him to the hospital."

"Have you heard how he is getting on?"

"Yes; he regained consciousness at noon and is doing well. The fall seems to have proved a blessing in disguise for him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it's the most curious coincidence. Two months ago Mr. Lovejoy, while quietly passing through our front door with a friend, fell in exactly the same spot and became unconscious. The moment he regained consciousness the notion took hold of him that he wanted to fight every man he met. Up to that time he was a most peace-loving citizen. In fact, abnormally so. He founded a society for the prevention of boxing exhibitions, caused a bill for the suppression of prize fighting to be introduced in our state legislature, and also delivered an address before the International Peace Congress."

"Yes, but you speak of his latest fall having proved a blessing."

"I was just coming to that," continued the clerk. "This afternoon the doctor at the hospital telephoned us that since regaining consciousness Mr. Lovejoy is his former self again, the gentle, peace-loving Lovejoy of old."

On hearing the startling news Gordon decided to pay a visit to the hospital. Apart from the little man's craze for fighting the instructor in athletics had from the first felt himself drawn towards him. Besides, he considered himself in a way responsible for the accident.

After being cautioned by the house physician not to mention fighting, as that might upset the patient's nerves, he entered the ward and found Lovejoy propped up in bed.

"I am so glad you came," began the little man, cordially extending his hand. "I hope you have decided to accept the office of vice-president of my society for the prevention of prize fighting, which I offered you the other day. I remember you held out that fighting develops the necessary martial spirit in a man, but I guess you have come around to my way of thinking."

"Certainly," acquiesced Gordon in his desire to humor the patient. "You are quite right."

"Good!" exclaimed the other. "That's fine, another man won over. Fighting," he continued excitedly, "is the most degrading, brutal —" but here the house physician thought best to interpose and Gordon excused himself.

"Doctor, how do you account for the astounding change in your patient?" Gordon asked upon reaching the corridor. "Why, only a day or two ago he kept pestering the life out of me to fight."

"Exactly," nodded the physician. "That bump he got on his head a few months ago shocked his nerve centre of combativeness into violent action. It instantly changed him from an apostle of peace to a man of war, as it were. His fall a few days ago acted just as strangely with a reverse force. He is now perfectly normal and pacific, the original Lovejoy."

"By the way," added the physician as Gordon took his leave, "I wish you luck as vice-president of his society. You may regard it as a compliment, but as he seems to have taken a fancy to you, you will probably find it quite as difficult to dodge his peace projects in the future as his fighting proposals in the past."

Under the Sacred Bo-Tree.*

BY MICHAEL WHITE.

"WOULD the *mem sahib* like to hear why she should be careful not to harm a butterfly? *Ahi!* I will tell her if she wishes."

It was the East speaking to the West, and both were beautiful after their kind.

The East stood in the full blaze of an Indian sun, with the embroidered end of her crimson *sari* drawn over her head, and the rest of her single garment falling in graceful folds to the rings of gold and silver, clasped around her ankles. If the white dust encroached upon her bare feet, she carried her brow aloft in the pose of a classic goddess.

But there was more than pose in her of the East. The East stood thus by right of long inheritance, and it was not the thing of yesterday over which she claimed dominion. When she looked at the West out of eyes unfathomable, it was as one who had seen deep into the universal mystery.

Of the morning glory on the Roof of the World, of the hidden places of the sea where strange creatures work in darkness, yes, even of the Valley of the Shadow and whence it leadeth, perhaps she could tell.

As she spoke there hovered upon the corners of her lips and the lashes of her long, narrow, half-closed eyes, a smile; but whether of scorn or desire, of sadness or satisfaction, its subtlety would have left a painter helpless before his canvas.

In the veil with which her fingers played was symbolized the mystery of her Oriental nature.

Though she stood but a pace or two distant, her voice fell in soft cadences like an echo; the echo of strife and passion, and the whirlwinds rending the human earth in the far off ages.

Perhaps she had witnessed the path of Timur, it may be she

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had stood alone of her kindred when the Terror had swept over the land by night, and the memory of such things lingered with her through many reincarnations.

And the West. She sat a trim, white figure in the shade of a bo or pipul tree. Above her head the glossy heart-shaped leaves quivered and spun ceaselessly on their long tendrils, even in the still air; flashing and pattering together when any faint breeze stirred.

Never for a moment do the leaves of that tree rest, because under them Gautama proclaimed the mutability of all things human. At least so hath tradition.

And the West looked at the East with eyes full of resolve and confidence. For her was the future, not the past. No blood red hand of Timur, Mohammed of Ghor, or Nadir Shah stretched across her mental vision, and the recollection of plague and carnage was not in her being.

She was of the newest born among types of womanly beauty, and before her on Fifth Avenue the stranger is proud to uncover his head.

Her gaze was set eagerly forward, with hope instead of a caste mark on her brow.

Thus had these two come together, the East and the West, at the sacred bo-tree.

"Would the *mem sahib* like to hear?" the East repeated her question.

"Yes," the West smiled and nodded frankly. "I shall be glad to listen."

"*Ohè, mem sahib,*" began the East, "it was a long time ago that this thing happened. It was many years before the *Feringhee Sahibs* came to India, before Shah Jehan sat on the Peacock Throne, yes, in the days when only Hindu kings and princes reigned.

"In that age there was a queen ruling over her own state. She was a great queen, strong in mind and hand. Mounted on her elephant she had led her troops to victory, and tigers had fallen beneath her spear.

"Great were her renown and riches. In her palace were halls of marble adorned with precious stones, baths of silver in which

fountains of perfumed water splashed, and cool pavilions set in gardens of delight.

"Yet this queen, O *mem sahib,* was not satisfied. Always her spirit went forth in quest of something, she knew not what. Choice fruit was brought to her from Kabul, and snow of the Himalayas for her sherbets, but in such things she took no pleasure. Even in her sleep she could not rest, her spirit wandering forth in search of that unknown something.

"And at that time, where the *mem sahib* now sits in the shade of the bo-tree, the Lord Gautama rested. After many wanderings and privations he had become Buddha the Enlightened. All things were revealed to him. He was of the air, the fire, and the water, and every living creature did him reverence."

The East raised her arm with a jingle of bangles and pointed upward.

"The *mem sahib* will see," she went on, "that the leaves of the bo-tree still tremble, because Gautama found shelter and knowledge under its branches. So great a thing was this that happened under the bo-tree.

"And as the Lord Buddha rested, a butterfly came fluttering hither and thither in search of something. Neither the *mem sahib* nor I could have known what the butterfly sought, but before Buddha there were no secrets. In the butterfly he saw the restless spirit of the queen, and he knew the source of her unhappiness.

"So Buddha beckoned to the butterfly, and it came and clung to his finger. Then Buddha bent over and breathed upon the insect, changing its nature but not its form. He gave to the butterfly a new life, and blessing it, sent it back to the great queen.

"And lo! O *mem sahib,* when the great queen came out of the dark night, she found resting on her arm the fulfillment of that which her spirit sought. And she cried in her joy, 'O heart of my heart, life of my life, *Hai Babaji,* desire of my desire!'

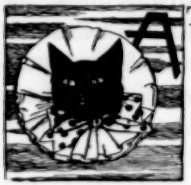
"Does the *mem sahib* understand what the Lord Buddha sent on the butterfly's wing for the great queen's happiness? That is why one should never harm a butterfly, lest it be a new life blessed

by the Lord Buddha, a child spirit searching for its protecting arm."

To be sure it was a mere legend, a fairy tale as some would call it. But yet — the figure of the Lord Buddha, sitting under the shimmering, trembling leaves of the bo-tree, to this day looms impressively across a vast continent. Moreover in this instance the West looked at the East and understood. Perhaps in the Great Desire the East and West had met, while separated in all else by a gulf of ages.

The Man Who Dreamed the Future.*

BY JOHN PATRICK.



AT first the dreams were hazy and uncertain; but they gradually became more definite until, every night while he slept, Arthur Lawson dreamed of some event that was to form a portion of his life upon the morrow. Often it would be merely an outline of a trifling incident that would pass through his brain to remain unnoticed until its actual repetition during the following day fixed it definitely in his mind. On other occasions the nightly vision would foretell, with the fullest detail, some important and unexpected happening.

For many weeks Lawson looked upon the fulfilment of these dreams as mere coincidences; but their persistent accuracy ultimately brought him to realize that he was actually dreaming the future. Then a great terror seized him and he knew instinctively that the night would come when he would experience his own death in a dream and awaken in the morning, for the last time, forced to wait and watch for its fulfilment. He fought in vain against the terror that oppressed him; but, after many weeks of dread, he consulted a medical man.

He was told that he was the victim of a peculiar habit that he himself must conquer. The advice he received was that when he lay down to sleep he was to concentrate his mind upon some utterly fantastical happening, in the hope that it might form the subject of a dream. He was assured that if he could dream of something that could not possibly come to pass the spell would be broken and the prophetic dreams would not recur.

That night Lawson lay awake until the early hours endeavoring to imagine that he was defending himself with a revolver against a horde of savages. Eventually, with this thought foremost in his mind, he fell into a restless sleep from which he awakened at dawn overjoyed to find that he had dreamed a strange and remarkable dream.

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The first portion of it was entirely unintelligible, but some of the details were strikingly vivid. Lawson had been conscious that a bullet had whistled close to his head and he had seized a revolver that lay near. He had looked up to find a great, burly ruffian towering above him, revolver in hand. In that one dramatic moment Lawson had noted that the man's nose was strangely twisted and that across the lower part of his forehead was a livid scar. As the stranger was raising his revolver again, Lawson had fired quickly and the man had spun half round on his heels, to fall suddenly backwards with outstretched arms.

Lawson went to the bank next morning with a light heart, for he felt that he had dreamed a dream that could not possibly be repeated in real life. Early in the afternoon, however, as he sat in his room pondering over his strange affliction, a thick and strangely familiar voice broke suddenly in upon his meditations.

"Give me a million dollars!" it demanded.

Before Lawson could look up a bullet sang in his ears, followed by the crash of an explosion. The sting of powder burnt on his face as he ducked suddenly and began to grope in the right-hand drawer of his desk for the loaded revolver he always kept there. The smoke above him drifted away and, looking up, he beheld the huge form of a man in whose eyes there blazed the light of madness. The stranger's features were hideously distorted. His nose was flattened and twisted out of shape and across his forehead, just above the eyebrows, there was an ugly, bluish scar. These details flashed upon Lawson instantaneously; then, as the maniac's revolver began to move up, he fired quickly. The man swung half round, and sank slowly backwards, falling, with outstretched arms, lifeless on the red carpet.

The unexpected fulfilment of the seemingly impossible dream caused Lawson to lay his peculiar case before a nerve specialist.

"You must get away from yourself," the expert advised. "Go away to another town. Change your outlook on life — disguise yourself — forget who you are and, if necessary, take another name. Think new thoughts, banish from your mind everything that binds you to the present and probably at the end of a month you will find that you are cured."

Late that afternoon, without a word of warning to any one,

Lawson left the bank and caught the evening train for Melton, a large town ninety miles west of Eastport. On arrival there he purchased a false beard, a pair of blue glasses, a new suit and a black, soft felt hat. Having put on these effective disguises he booked a room at the Hotel Metropole under the name of Ivor Penton and began to act the part of an escapee from justice. The remainder of the evening he spent in slinking down side streets imagining that he was being hounded by the police. Towards midnight he had supper at a questionable restaurant and returned to his hotel after having succeeded in forgetting himself for more than three hours.

He retired to rest quite satisfied with the progress he felt he was making; but in the silent hours of the morning he awakened suddenly and sat up in bed with terror clutching at his heart. In his brain there remained the impression of a vivid dream. He had been traveling in a railway car and had suddenly experienced the severe jolt of a collision. He had heard plainly the crash and rending of steel and timber as the cars telescoped; and, after a period of unconsciousness, he had seen his own body, mangled and lifeless, lying amongst the debris that strewed the track.

He switched on the light and sat trembling, with his face and hands clammy from perspiration, and his throat parched and burning. He felt that the inexorable hand of Fate was reaching out for him and he knew that the coming day would be his last. He pondered for a few minutes while some of the main incidents in his life passed swiftly through his brain. Suddenly, however, he laughed aloud and, reaching for the switch, plunged the room into darkness. As he lay down again a great feeling of security came over him, for he saw a way of escape. That dream was his salvation. It placed matters entirely in his own hands for, on the morrow, he could make it impossible of fulfilment by avoiding all trains for the day.

He arose early the following morning and put on his disguises. The feeling that he was absolute master of his own destiny dominated his thoughts and he could have cried aloud from sheer joy. After breakfast, in order to thoroughly assure himself that there was not the remotest possibility of the dream coming true, he

went down to the Grand Central Station and idly watched half a dozen trains depart. Then he started out on foot to see the sights of the city. Secure in his disguise he loitered where he pleased and entirely forgot for the time being that such a person as Arthur Lawson, the bank director, existed.

During the whole morning he played his part successfully; but towards mid-day his optimism began to desert him and a strange, uncertain feeling took its place. After a time this developed into the conviction that his movements were being watched and, try as he would, he could not banish this idea from his thoughts. Soon he walked purposely down a side street and in a few minutes he was conscious of the fact that two men were loitering forty yards behind. He turned abruptly into another street but the men continued to keep him in view. He rejoined the throng on a busy thoroughfare and, by stopping to look in a jeweler's window, discovered that the men were still following.

Irritated by this unwelcome attention he entered a café and sat down at an unoccupied table. The waiter had scarcely taken his order, however, when the two strangers followed and seated themselves opposite. While they partook of a light meal they discussed banking questions; and, after several vain attempts, they succeeded in drawing Lawson into the conversation. Before he was aware of what he was doing, he was defending a mode of banking procedure with which the two others professed to disagree.

Ultimately, after some argument, Lawson chanced to state that he was a bank official. This caused him to remember that he should be playing another part; so he arose abruptly, paid his bill and hurriedly left the café. He was decidedly un-nerved and once outside he was faced with the necessity of doing something that would help him to forget in the meantime who he really was. He pulled his hat well down over his eyes and glanced furtively along the street. Then a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder and he turned quickly to find himself facing the two strangers.

"Arthur Lawson, you are under arrest," one of them said. "You'd better come quietly."

At the police station he learned the reason for it all. The previous day Henslow, the cashier of the bank at Eastport, had

absconded, leaving behind a deficiency of eighty thousand dollars. Lawson's simultaneous disappearance had caused him to be coupled with the defaulting cashier.

Before the court he protested that he was innocent and explained that he had left Eastport under doctor's orders. But the circumstantial evidence against him was overwhelming. His abrupt and unannounced departure, his disguise and his change of name all went to make up a strong case against him. He was not dismayed, however, for he knew that the evidence of the specialist he had consulted would be sufficient to set him free; and he felt satisfied when he was remanded to Eastport. It was not until he learned that he was to be taken back, in charge of a detective, by the 4.40 express that afternoon that the horror of his position dawned upon him.

He appealed to the detective who was to accompany him, but the man merely smiled. He pleaded next with the superintendent and told the story of the dream without effect. The superintendent was a practical man who had no faith in dreams. Lawson realized then that it was useless to struggle against Fate; but the knowledge that he was helpless drove him into a frenzy. He fought viciously when they attempted to take him from the cell, and it needed the united efforts of four men to get him into the prison van. At the railway station he fought again with renewed and almost superhuman strength, and he had to be placed in the van handcuffed and with his legs bound. Before the train started he calmed down, for he saw that, in spite of all he could do, he was predestined to make that journey.

* * * * * * *

The wreck of the 4.40 p. m. east-bound express, between Melton and Eastport, is a matter of history. In that disaster Arthur Lawson met his death. His unequal conflict with Fate ended in defeat, but only by the narrowest of margins; for, shortly after the train left Melton on the fatal journey, his innocence was established by the arrest and confession of Henslow, the absconding cashier.

The Reversion of Professor Penlyn.*

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER.

WHEN Ventrice Penlyn, professor of psychology at Eldosta University, resigned his position and disappeared from view, his friends shook their heads as they pondered over his whereabouts. They were concerned about Penlyn. Though a young man, he had earned Time's displeasure by digressing from the natural order of growth. Precocity jumped him from childhood to manhood, and at thirty-five his back was arched, and he examined the world through specially ground lenses which were remarkable specimens of the optologist's art.

The professor's friends blamed the glasses for his sudden disappearance. The lenses eliminated everything radiant and positive, and the world became a place of gray negations to the overworked brain. Penlyn's mind turned its searchlights inward, and the process made him discontented with life and his fellow men. His mind craved solitude, and three weeks after his mysterious disappearance from Eldosta, he had taken up his residence on a lonely little island to the south of Florida, where the soft breezes shepherding the Gulf Stream soothed his nerves and weary brain.

He had arranged for a quarterly supply of provisions to be forwarded from Havana, and in the neatly constructed shack, erected by the crew of the schooner that had brought him to the island, were the musty volumes of long dead sages, who, like Penlyn, had spent their lives in pecking at the dividing wall between the present and the future, and had become morbid and blind to the glorious beauties of a golden world. Penlyn wanted no company. Men and women were distasteful to him, and through the long, languorous days he analyzed the messages of

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the dead mystics and checked off the results of their labors.

Penlyn had been on his island home three weeks when Destiny took a hand in the mixing of a curative potion for his disordered mind. It is not natural for man or woman to live alone, and the Fates protest against any infringement of the ordinance. The professor, awakened by sunbeams that came dancing over a languidly stirring sea, dressed himself and strolled down to the beach. Rollers of opal were smashing themselves in quick succession on the rice-white sand, and as the hermit watched the never-ending charge he felt a surge of physical strength that thrilled him pleasantly. His bodily health had given him much concern while he lived at Eldosta, but since his arrival at the island he had felt the struggles of a strange physical self upon which the cold intellectual one looked with disdain.

"This is magnificent!" he cried, forgetting for a moment the writings of the pessimists as he watched the foam-embroidered rollers flatten themselves on the sand. "This is—"

"I — I beg pardon," interrupted a musical voice.

The professor started, and a horrible thought that the silence had affected his brain flashed like a thread of flame through his mind. Then he gasped, gurgled and stared with bulging eyes as a girl rose from the shelter of a rock — a girl who looked like Aphrodite in all her dripping loveliness. The sea danced in the big blue eyes, while the sunbeams tinted the ivory cheeks and added extra color to the lips rounded in astonishment. Damp hair hung in ropes of sullen gold, and the single outer garment seemed to exult in its wet condition that allowed it to cling lovingly to the graceful form it covered. The professor's mind threw a somersault and left his thoughts in a chaotic mass.

"I beg your pardon," repeated the girl, as Penlyn's tongue awaited a word-supply from his startled brain, "I drifted ashore from *The White Queen*, our yacht, you know; it sank last night out there somewhere."

A bare white arm pointed seaward, but the professor's eyes refused to turn in the direction indicated.

"I must have fallen asleep," continued the girl; "I was so tired that I sat down to wait for daylight before looking for an hotel."

The professor emitted a peculiar gurgling sound and continued to stare. The problems suggested by the subconscious mind were small ones compared to the one that confronted him.

"Can you direct me to one?" queried the girl, then as she glanced at her attire, she added: "The nearest if you please."

The question stirred the mind of Penlyn from its hypnotic state.

"Hotel!" he spluttered. "Why, dear me, you are quite a distance from an hotel."

"How far?" asked the shipwrecked nymph. "Can I walk?"

The professor glanced at the rosy feet as if he wished to calculate their walking capabilities, but he turned his eyes away when he noticed the efforts of the girl to hide their loveliness in the damp sand.

"I — I don't think you could," he answered solemnly; "the nearest hotel is quite a long way off."

A frown puckered the girl's white forehead. "But how far?" she asked, sharply.

Penlyn, exact in all matters, made a hurried calculation before replying. "I would put it roughly at two hundred miles," he murmured. "Besides, it is impossible for you to walk! You are on an island, and I am the sole occupant!"

"Two hundred miles!" cried the girl. "Why — why —" She gave one or two little gasps as if the words that would not come had stuck in her throat and were choking her, then she struck her breast sharply with her open hand and fell back in the wet sand.

The professor was horror-stricken. His selfish, intellectual self stormed at Destiny for bringing about such an awkward situation, but a strange new feeling prompted him to rush to the girl's assistance. He scooped up water in the palms of his hands, and sweeping the ropes of golden hair from the white face, he splashed the girl till she shivered under the deluge. When the blue eyes slowly opened, Penlyn was chafing the small hands, but he dropped them guiltily.

The girl looked at him for a moment with a startled expression upon her face, then, to the professor's further astonishment, she burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

Penlyn stared helplessly. Dimly aware of the proper course to pursue when a person fainted, he searched vainly within his mind for directions to follow in a case of hysteria. Not finding any, he decided to let the attack wear itself out, and as he waited he tried to reason out what effect this invasion would have upon his life and studies. Eight full weeks must pass before the supply boat would visit the island, and till then the girl would be his guest. He would be forced to offer her hospitality; she would eat and sleep at the bungalow, and she would disturb his meditations with stupid woman's prattle that he would be powerless to stop.

The professor was annoyed, but as his eyes fell upon the ropes of hair and the white arms, the new self that had prompted him to rush for the water when the girl fainted, seemed to assert itself within him, and it sneered at the sullen, intellectual Penlyn that resented the intrusion. The professor was startled. On matters like this his mind had always given a decision that left no room for doubt, but now he seemed to be the battleground of two opposing forces, and the new condition of affairs made him uneasy.

The sobbing ceased at last, and the girl turned brine-veneered eyes upon the professor.

"And — and who are you?" she asked fearfully.

"I — I," stammered Penlyn, "why, I am a hermit."

"A hermit?" murmured the girl.

"Yes," replied the professor sadly, "at least I try to be one."

The sting in the tail of the remark was prompted by the intellectual Penlyn, but the wave of blood that swept across his face when the girl looked at him, was a mute apology from the new self that had risen in rebellion.

"And how long have you been trying?" asked the maid.

"Four weeks," replied the professor meekly.

"And you have no companions?"

"Only my books."

"Oh, your books!" cried the girl, bringing her bare feet under the silken garment. "But don't you get tired of books?"

"Never!" replied the professor solemnly.

The girl looked at him critically, and the look of wonder in

the blue eyes made him uncomfortable. He felt that he was a curio.

"And you are young?" murmured the nymph.

"Only thirty-five," answered the professor. He wondered why he had used the word "only." It appeared that he was taking credit for being young, and the thought distressed him. But the new self found a thrill of satisfaction in the knowledge, and in the silence that followed the man tried to analyze the growth of the latter feeling and restore order within his mind.

But his visitor left him little time for meditation. Leaping suddenly to her feet she surveyed the shoreline, and then cried out excitedly: "Oh, I forgot poor Victor! Do look for him, please! See if you can find him."

"Who is Victor?" asked the professor sharply.

"He is Mr. Lamond," stammered the girl. "He and I were on the coop after the yacht sank. Victor swam to an upturned boat, but the current carried me away."

The professor had but one thought over the missing Victor. His probable arrival was viewed with much concern, and there was no warm welcome in his heart as he rushed along the shore at the girl's orders. But no Victor was visible, and he returned to calm her fears.

"There are other islands to the west," he said. "He may have reached one of them."

"Oh, I'm glad there are other places," sobbed the girl. "Victor will surely find one of them, and if he secured the boat he will search for me."

Once again there were conflicting opinions in the professor's mind. Victor, if he arrived, might relieve him of the girl, and yet, this possibility didn't bring the longing for Victor that a studious mind should put forward.

"You had better come up to my bungalow and rest," he said, putting the probability of the lost one's appearance away for the time.

"Thank you, Mr. Hermit," murmured the guest.

"Penlyn is my name," said the professor; "Ventrice Penlyn, of Eldosta, Ohio."

The girl bowed solemnly. "And mine is Glorine Westgarth,

and my father lives at West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. It sounds so funny introducing myself to a Robinson Crusoe."

She laughed merrily, and Penlyn surprised himself by imitating the sound in a deep bass. The noise was strange to him. He glanced back over the years and wondered when he had laughed last, while the intellectual self tried to impress the rebellious portion of his mind with the fact that it was ridiculous to express merriment without having reasonable grounds.

At the bungalow the girl went into ecstasies over the neat little building, and the professor vainly tried to strangle the thrills of pleasure that flashed through him. The protesting self pointed out that it was ridiculous for a man of his intellectual attainments to find pleasure in the compliments of a girl of twenty, but in spite of the protest the professor thrilled and thrilled.

But the library annoyed Miss Westgarth. She slowly examined the volumes that lined the walls, and then swung suddenly upon the owner.

"What stupid old books!" she cried. "Have you no novels or fiction of any kind?" She banged down a leather-bound volume that contained the morbid musings of a bilious Buddhist, and the professor was startled by the sacrilege. It seemed as if she had hurt the very soul of the sage.

"I — I haven't," he stammered, apologetically; "I — I never read fiction."

The astonishment in the blue eyes withered his egoism. He tried to bolster himself up with the knowledge of his intellectual superiority, but her look of wonder struck him like a whip.

"What a funny man you are!" she exclaimed, as the professor stood staring stupidly. "Did you really bring all that old rubbish out to read in this place?"

Penlyn swallowed spasmodically.

"I like them," he stammered. He searched within himself for a reason for this apparent spinelessness. At Eldosta an overpowering contempt for a girl's opinion would have risen up as a shield for his pride, but now he felt defenseless before his visitor's thrusts.

The girl watched him for a moment, then leaned towards him.

"Were you ever jilted?" she asked, quietly.

The Professor was astonished. "Jilted?" he questioned. "Yes, jilted," repeated Miss Westgarth, solemnly. "Were you ever jilted by a girl?"

"No, no!" cried the professor excitedly. "I was never in love in my life; I assure you I was not." His back straightened and he jerked out the denial angrily, as if the girl had accused him of a crime.

The wonder showing in the blue eyes increased. The red lips parted and a half-uttered exclamation came through, then she turned to the volumes on the next shelf. The professor watched her for a few minutes in silence, then he started to prepare the morning meal.

They ate in the open, with the Atlantic slopping over the white sand-stretch before the door, and during the meal the girl recited in detail the story of the wreck. She had been cruising with friends when the yacht sprung a leak in some mysterious manner and sank five minutes after the alarm had been sounded. The six passengers and the crew had departed in one of the boats, but they had forgotten Miss Westgarth and Mr. Lamond, and thus it came about that those two were forced to take to the coop.

"Poor Victor," sighed the girl, eating daintily of some preserved strawberries to which the professor helped her. "I wonder if he has found a hermit with a storeroom of dainties to regale him with."

She smiled at Penlyn, and he laughed bashfully. At Eldosta the society of a prattling girl would have bored him greatly, yet now, in spite of the protests from within, he found delight in Miss Westgarth's company. There was an added warmth in the sunshine, a new splash of color in the surroundings, while the waves curling up before him on the beach seemed to be an effort on the part of the ocean to express its delight at the work it had done in providing a companion for his solitude.

After breakfast the girl signified that she would walk along the shore and keep a lookout for the missing Victor, and somewhat half-heartedly the professor fixed the thick lenses over his eyes and turned to his books. But the battle within his soul disturbed his communion with the mystics. His usually well-ordered mind was upset by the visions of strange things that were flung into

it to the great annoyance of the intellectual self. A silk garment fluttered before his eyes; rosy toes walked across the thoughts of the bilious Buddhist, and blue wondering eyes peered scornfully at his vague metaphors. The professor had lost control of himself. He polished his glasses and attacked the pages again and again, only to find his mental grip relax in the middle of a sentence, while the accusing self informed him that he had been watching mind pictures of pearly teeth glistening between red lips, and little toes burrowing in the wet sand. At last, nervous and upset, he put the book away and watched the path leading up from the beach.

The girl came into view at last, and Penlyn sighed mightily when he saw that she was alone. As she walked up to the bungalow he noticed that the ropes of hair had unrolled in the sunshine, forming a dazzling veil of gold that shifted in masses when the inquisitive breezes shouldered it to give tantalizing glimpses of the white neck beneath.

"I couldn't find him," said the girl wearily; "and I am so tired."

The professor felt a slight twinge of shame. "You should have rested," he said, solemnly. "If you sleep this afternoon I will walk right round the island."

"You are very kind," murmured the girl. "I was wondering just now as I walked along what would have happened to me if your horrid old books had not coaxed you out to this place."

The professor paused for a moment in his culinary duties and looked at her keenly. "I am glad I came," he said, softly, "but you must thank the books for bringing me."

The girl blushed, and the professor turned quickly to the fire. In his excited state of mind he quadrupled the amount of salt required to make a dish of beans palatable and then upset the honey.

In the afternoon the girl rested while Penlyn circled the island, but he saw no trace of Lamond. When he returned he found the table spread under a shady palm, and after the meal they sat in silence watching the stars thrust themselves one after another through the mantle of the night. Prowling puffs of air drifting northward, turned from their path and nosed around the silent

couple, shifting the masses of golden hair or fluttering the silk dress of the girl.

Late that evening, Ventrice Penlyn, ex-professor of Eldosta, lying on a rug, with the Atlantic snoring at his elbow, tossed restlessly as he wooed sleep. The day seemed a giant among its fellows. In a dim, shadowy past he saw himself walking down to the beach that morning, then he reviewed the incidents that followed — reviewed them at such length that the moon slipped down behind the dark water line before he closed his eyes.

The procedure of the first day formed a precedent for the days that immediately followed. After breakfast the girl strolled along the shore while the professor made ineffectual attempts to study the words of the mystics. After dinner the girl lounged while the professor went out alone to look into his soul where a battle raged. But the routine did not satisfy the hags at the looms of the Fates.

On the fifth day the thick lenses in the professor's glasses attracted the girl's attention, and she took them up to examine them.

"Be careful," gasped Penlyn, "they are my only pair, and I cannot read without glasses."

"No?" murmured the girl.

"No," repeated the professor solemnly. "Another pair will arrive by the next supply boat, but till then —" He dropped the pot he was carrying and sprang forward with a cry of agony as the precious spectacles slipped through the girl's fingers. Miss Westgarth screamed as he stumbled against her, and the next instant the specially ground lenses were shattered on the floor.

The professor picked himself up and brushed the knees of his trousers.

"They slipped," said the girl breathlessly.

The man didn't answer. Stooping, he gathered up the broken fragments and threw them out of the window; then noting the blue eyes watching him nervously, he surprised himself by laughing.

"It — it doesn't matter," he said, soothingly; "I — I will get a new pair by the next boat. Till then I — I will

have to find some other way of occupying my time."

Next morning he accompanied the girl on her walk, and in the afternoon the girl returned the compliment. Fate had circumvented the professor's natural modesty.

Time passed swiftly. During the sunny days the new self that had risen in rebellion against the intellectual Penlyn who ran away from Eldosta, was dominant in the professor's mind, but in the nights the analytical knife made him squirm. He was wasting time. He was acting a part that was foreign to his whole life. He was beginning to dislike the morbid persons whose gray musings he had read eagerly before the arrival of the girl. In the evenings, however, the wasted moments were piled up like an accusing pyramid, and although he used the broken spectacles as a barrier to hide behind, the thrusts of conscience kept him awake during the languorous tropical nights.

It was the afternoon two days before the expected arrival of the supply boat when Destiny arranged a climax. The girl was lying down, as the hot sun had taxed her strength, and the professor walked out alone to ponder on matters appertaining to himself. He passed the battered coop upon which the girl had drifted ashore, and the pictures of that first morning raced madly through his mind. Now, as he reviewed the days preceding the wreck of *The White Queen*, he felt that the arrival of Miss Westgarth had pushed aside a black pall that was closing in upon him, and he shuddered as he pictured its reappearance when she departed on the supply boat. The intellectual Penlyn whispered of the arrival of the new glasses by means of which he could renew his acquaintance with the gentlemen who wrote of gray negations, but the information only made the professor more gloomy.

Suddenly he stopped and stared at a rock that lay immediately in his path. A tanned face had appeared above its water-worn surface, and an athletic body quickly followed. The professor's intuition whispered a name, and he stood stupidly staring at the approaching stranger and swallowing hastily.

"Good afternoon," said the athletic one.

The professor didn't answer. He had dreamed of such a meeting for many weeks, and his brain seemed to be swelling painfully as he waited for the other to continue.

"My name is Lamond," remarked the stranger, coming still closer to the silent Penlyn, "and I was wrecked here about seven weeks ago. I was lucky enough to strike a fishing camp on an island to the west, but I am looking for others."

He stopped and glanced inquiringly at the professor, but Penlyn appeared to be tongue tied. Lamond looked surprised.

"A young lady drifted off on a coop," continued Lamond, "and I had hopes that I would find her here."

The professor shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, then something seemed to burst within his brain, and he turned angrily upon his questioner. "She is not here!" he cried excitedly. "I tell you she didn't come here!"

The stranger eyed him suspiciously. He took a step forward and stood squarely before the hermit. "You have the coop," he growled, pointing to the half-buried pile of boards, "perhaps you know who was on it when —"

"I don't!" screamed Penlyn. He made a movement forward as if he objected to any further cross-examination, but Lamond blocked his path. The professor's arm moved up to push him away, and the next moment the two were rolling down the sandy incline towards the water, fighting furiously as they rolled.

Lamond was athletic, but the physical strength of the professor was reinforced by a wave of nervous energy that gave his blows tremendous force. More wonderful still, he felt no fear. The desire to kill this suntanned man who wanted information about Glorine stiffened his shapely fingers till they burrowed like steel wires beneath Lamond's neckwrap.

The cool waves touched the bodies of the two men, but still they fought. Penlyn felt that he would conquer, — felt that he had to conquer. As he struggled he was astonished to find that his imagination had pictured a fight — a fight for Glorine — and he wondered. Why should he fight for Glorine? She would leave the island when the supply boat came, and he would go back to his books. He tried to inform his physical self of this decision, but his arms would not be still. They hammered Lamond, and Lamond returned the blows with interest.

The ocean smothered them with brine and chuckled deeply as they rolled along the beach. The professor's imagination